## THE SCHEMES OF COLONELLA THE LIFE OF A MASTER ROGUE THE SUPERIOR OF A MASTER ROGUE THE THE SUPERIOR OF A MASTER ROGUE THE

pyright, 1997, by W. G. Chapman.) n our return to London Charles and reviller had a difference of opinion the subject of Medhurst.

On our return to London Charles and Marvillier had a difference of opinion on the subject of Medhurst.

Charles maintained that Marvillier ought to have known the man with the cropped hair was Colonel Clay, and hought never to have recommended him. Marvillier maintained that Charles had seen Colonel Clay haif a dozen times, at least, to his own never; and that my respected brother-in-law had therefore nobody on earth but himself to bisme if the rogue imposed upon him.

The head detective had known Medhurst for ten years, he said, as a most respectable man, and even = rate-payer; he had always found him the clevrest of spies, as well he might be, indied, on the familiar set-a-thief-lo-datel-a-hief principle. However, the upshot of it all was, as usual—nothing. Marvillier was sorry to lose the services of so excellent a hand, but he had done the very best he could for Sir Charles, he declared, and if Sir Charles was not satisfied, why, he might catch his Colonel Clays for himself in future.

"So I will, Sey," Charles remarked to me as we walked back from the detectives. It's my bellef they're a pack of thleves themselves, in league with the rascals they're set to catch, and with no more sense of honor than a Zuiu diamond hand."

"Better try the police," I suggested, any way of being helpful. One must ussume an interest in one's employer's misness.

But Charles shook his head.
"No, no," he said: "I'm sick of all.

y way of being neight. One must saume an interest in one's employer's usiness.

But Charles shook his head.

"No, no," he said; "I'm sick of all hese fellows. I shall trust in future of my own sagacity. We learn by excience, Sey-and I've learned a thing r two. One of them is this: It's not nough to suspect, everybody; you must have no preconceptions. Divest ourself entirely of every fixed idea you wish to cope with a rascal of his calline. Don't jump at concluions. We should dishelieve everybing, as well as distrist everybody, hat's the road to success, and I mean opursue it."

So, by the way of pursuing it harles retired to Seldon.

"The longer the man goes on, the corse he grows," he said to me one orning. "He's just like a tiger that has tasted blood. Every successful aut seems only to make him more ager for another. I fully expect now effore long we shall see him downers."

seger for another. I fully expect now before long we shall see him down here."

About three weeks later, sure incoming my respected connection revelved a communication from the toandoued swindler, with an Austrian stamp and a Vienna postmark.

"My Dear Vandrift: (After so long and so varied an acquaintance we may surely drop, the about formalities of Sir Charles' and 'Colonel.') I write to ask you a delicate question. Can you kindly tell me exactly how much lave received from your various gentous acts during the last three years? I have mislaid my account book and as this is the season for making the factome tax return, I am anxious, as an honest and conscientious citizen, to set down my average profits out of you for the triennial period.

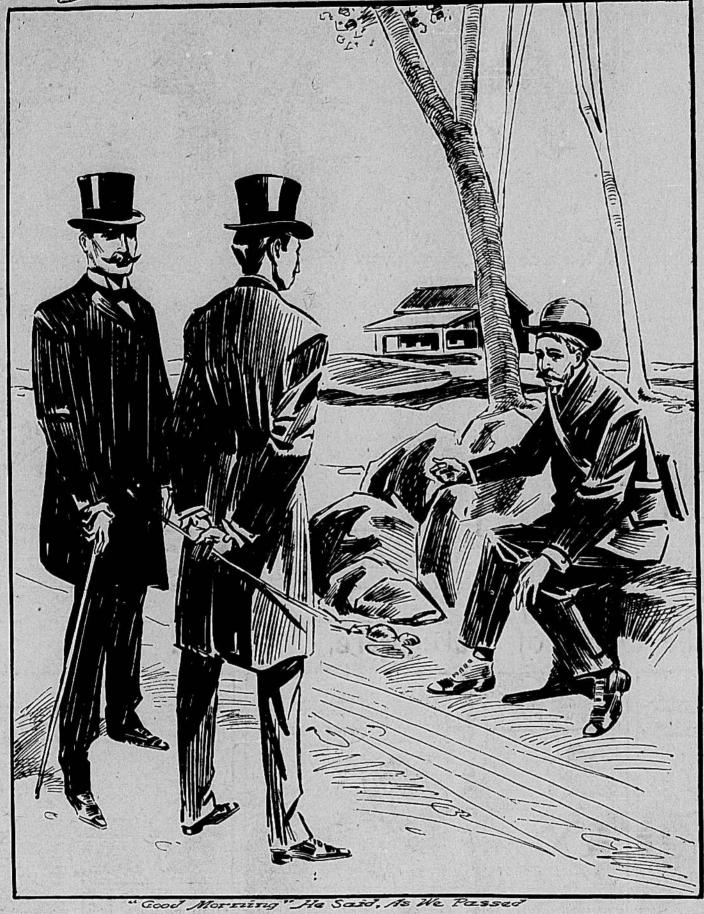
"For reasons which you will simply inderstand, I do not this time given my private address, in Paris or elsewhere; but if you will kindly advertise the total amount, above the signature Peter Simple,' in the agony colonn of the Times, you will confer a kreat favor upon the revenue commistriends and companion,

"CUTHBERT CLAY.

"Mark my word, Sey," Charles said, alying the letter down, "in a week of less the man himself will follow. This is his cunning way of trying to make think he's well out of the country and far away from Seidon. That means he's meditating another descent. But he was Medhurst, the detective. He gave us some hints about disguisers, and their unmasking that I shall not forget. This turn I shall be even with him."

On Saturday of that week, in effect, we were walking along the road that

Saturday of that week, in effect suit, who had the air of a tourle was middle-aged and of meheight; he wore a small leather
suspended round his shoulder,
was peering about at the rocks
suspicious maner. Something in
it attracted our attention,
od morning," he said, looking up
passed, and Charles muttered a
rhat surly, inarticulate "Good
ng."



I saw in a moment how things stood. | Intentions. to matter under what disguise that they have a property to sell, or a common appeared to him, and whether e recognized her or not, Charles couldn't help falling a victim of Mme. Then again, in the second place, we don't always spot the exact patter of

The first will be designed a state of the control o

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SELDON GOLD

**EPISODE** 

OF THE

iclous blush of hers.

During all this time the professor went on calmly and persistent!

mineralogizing, "Wonderful character!" Charles sald to me. "He works out his parts so well! Could anything exceed the picture he gives one of scientific ardor?" And, indeed, he was at it. morning, noon and night. "Sooner or later." Charles observed when the processor of the professor of the processor of the professor of th

"If you betray me—" I cried, and broke off.

"I beg your pardon," he said. He was all pure innocence.

I reflected on what Charles had said about taking nothing for granted, and held my tongue prudently.

The other incident was this: "Charles picked a sprig of white heather on the hill one atternoon, after a piculi linch, I regret to say, when he had taken perhaps a glass more champagne than was strictly god for him. He was not exactly the worse for it, but he was excited, good humored, reckless, and lively. He brought the sprig to her, ogilng a little.

"Sweets to the sweet," he murmured, and looked at her meaningly. "White heather to 'White Heather.' Then he saw what he had done, and checked himself instantly.

Mrs. Forbes-Gaskell colored up in the usual manner.

"I—I don't quite understand," she follored.

the man who is privileged to a piece of it to you is surely

cther guests in order to keep close to the two new-comers. Mrs. ForbesGaskell noticed the fact and commented on it.

"You are really too good to us, Sir Charles," she said, "I'm afraid you allow us quite to monopolize you!"

But Charles, gallant as ever, replied with a smile:

"We have you with us for so short a time, you know!" Which made Mrs. Forbes-Gaskill blush again that delicious blush of hers.

During all this time the professor.

"Am I sure of myself? Why, I've known Marmy Gaskell ever since we reat Trinity together. Know him before he married Miss Forbes, of Glenluce, my wife's second cousin, and the property in the family. Know the property in the family. Came down here to the inn because I heard that Marmy was on the prowl among these hills and I thought he had probably something good to prowl after—in the way of fossils."

"But the man wears a wig!" Charles

"Sooner or later," Charles observed, "something practical must come of it. Twice, meanwhile, little episodes occurred which are well worth notice. One day I was out with the professor on the Long Mountain, wate its plint hammer at the rocks, and a bored by his performance, when, to the time, I asked him what a particular small water-worn stone was. He look, ed at it and smiled. "If there were a little more mica in it," he said, "It would be the characteristic gnelss of ice-borne bowlers, hereabouts, But there isn't quite enough." And he gazed at it curiously.

"Indeed," I answered; "It doesn't come up to sample, does it?"

He gave me a meaning look.
"Ten per cent," he murmured in a slow, strange voice; "10 per cent, is more usual."

I trembled violently. Was he bent, then upon ruining me?

"If you betray mo—" I cried, and broke off.
"I beg your pardon," he said. He was all pure inneceding the professor of the bouse Hellyself, we resurred to the bouse Hellyself, we resurred.